



EAA 442's Chapter Newsletter

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**EAA 442 Chapter Officers:**

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The chapter webpage is <http://www.eaa442.com>

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**Minutes of the February 27, 2007 Chapter meeting.**

**Mike Hathaway called the meeting to order at 3:30**

**Minutes of the January meeting were accepted as published**

**Treasurer report: 28 paid members, \$804 in the treasury**

**Secretary report: Bob Cording donated 3 videos to the chapter library**

**Young Eagles: Bob Barlow reported that 4 Young Eagles have been flown by the chapter to date this year**

**Technical Counselor: N/A**

**Old Business: - Fly-Outs committee - no plans yet, next meeting**

**New Business: appointed a Presentation committee, Vaugh Teegarden, is chairman, Jim Pensinger is on the committee  
Meeting was adjourned at 4 PM**

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#### Upcoming Events

**EAA1136, the Mountain City chapter is planning a Fly-In Saturday June 16. Food, hot rods and motorcycle rally**

*If you know about any fly-ins or events in the area, or any last-minute changes of event dates, please pass them on to me for posting, rp*

**For a (hopefully) up to date list of chapter activities, go to <http://www.eaa442.com>**

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#### The Good Old Days

**Remember those old Popular Mechanix articles written in the 30's & 40's on what airplanes would be like today? If not, here's a few:**

**<http://blog.modernmechanix.com/category/aviation/>**

**Thanks to Fred Boucher**

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Remember the beautiful N9MB flying wing?



**Here's an in-flight video of it with sound, (turn up the speakers) and get ready for a treat - this thing makes a Mustang sound like a weedeater.**

**<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FZ8K-gwSQoU&NR>**

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### **NOTICE OF PROPOSED RULEMAKING (NPRM)**

Part 0, Section 000 (a) 1(c)

Section I - No pilot or pilots, or person or persons acting on the direction or suggestion or supervision of a pilot or pilots may try, or attempt to try or make, or make attempt to try to comprehend or understand any or all, in whole or in part of the herein mentioned Aviation Regulations, except as authorized by the Administrator or an agent appointed by, or inspected by, the Administrator.

Section II - If a pilot, or group of associate pilots becomes aware of, or realizes, or detects, or discovers, or finds, or even suspects that he or she, or they or them, are or have been beginning to understand any portion of the Aviation Regulations, they must immediately cease operations and, within three (3) days, notify the Administrator in writing.

Section III - Upon receipt of the notice of impending comprehension, the Administrator shall immediately direct a rewrite the Aviation Regulations in such a manner as to thwart or eliminate any further chance of comprehension.

Section IV - The Administrator may then, at his or her discretion, require the offending pilot or pilots to attend remedial instruction in that part of FAA-think as may pertain to Aviation Regulations until

such time that the pilot is too confused to be capable of understanding anything. Upon recertification of confusion by a designated examiner, the pilot(s) may resume exercising the privileges of their airman's certificate(s).

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Subject: F-22 climb out !

**"OK - my first chance to let the F-22 loose on takeoff. I was the last IOT&E pilot at Edwards and it was only a few months before I was to move to Langley. The test folks were nice enough to still let me fly there occasionally, and they had a perfect mission for me. It was a single ship, no test support (control room) required, and I had my own tanker. All I had to do was takeoff and fly around for 2 hours collecting data from the MLD's (missile launch detectors). In other words it was a free sortie with a lot of gas available and I had the airspace to myself since it didn't matter what I did during the sortie, in fact more maneuvering was better to get data. Having never had a chance to really see what the jet would be like on takeoff, and since I had a tanker to keep me full of gas, I decided to do a max performance takeoff and let it go straight up to see what it would do. Edwards has that 15,000 foot runway, and an unlimited ceiling since it sits in a restricted airspace. So on taxi I asked for a max climb out to 25,000 feet, the controller said, 29,000? I said, sure that'll work.**

**I really had no idea what I'd end up with and with my Eagle time I figured I'd be lucky to get to 29,000. So I let it go to about 570 or so which was prior to the end of the runway and started a pull, not too much g, maybe 4 or 5, and went to 90 degrees nose high. I wasn't really paying attention to the airspeed or altitude because I was really enjoying the view and the ride, it was amazing. I started to feel a little buffet and looked inside to see what the deal was, expecting that I was starting to slow down to the point where I was getting the same kind of buffet you feel as the jet slows down and a little alpha starts to build on the wings, that's how it goes in a Eagle too.**

**Well, there's also a little buffet in the Raptor when your about to go supersonic, and to my surprise, and I started laughing, the jet was at .99 mach and trying its best to punch through to supersonic flight, straight up, passing about 18 or 19 thousand feet or so, it began a slow deceleration as I stared in awe at the HUD mach indication and at .94 mach I realized I was at 25,000 and was going to blast way through my altitude, so I rolled and started a 4 to 5 g pull to level out, which of course didn't work and I leveled at about 31,500 feet at about 330 knots (don't know why those numbers stick in my head but they do).**

**Now for you pilots out there, you know when you pull g, especially at higher altitudes and heavy weight, it's a fairly energy depleting event. So go figure, I'm FULLY loaded with fuel at takeoff, ALL of the weapons bays were loaded, so I am in my combat configuration, in a regular line jet, no tweaks, no special modifications, no weight taken out (as in the Streak Eagle or MiG 25 flights, etc.), nothing, just a line jet any old pilot could step to and fly. So I talked to the engineers and with some quick math they guessed I could have topped out in the low 60 thousand numbers. That wasn't flying a special profile like other jets have either (Rutowski profile - misspelled?), it was just a pull to the nose straight up. This...jet...is...a...monster!!!" -Marc  
From Fred Sparks**

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March 2007, EAA 1136 Plane Talk Chapter President, Rog Osborne tells a war story...

**It's amazing, some of the things one remembers when we think of our past. Like the time Bones and I caused some thirty fully loaded paratroopers to barf simultaneously. Bones was my Loadmaster and I was a Flight Engineer on a C-130. The troops would often tell us how much**

they hated our airplane. I'm thinking, "You hate my airplane and I hold the keys to the air conditioning knob? I hope you like to sweat." But I could see their point. Comfort was not the Herks forte. In the back, it's unbelievably hot, smells like hydraulic oil, hot hydraulic oil, and being as how "tactical" in our part of the world meant, "Low Level", it was just incredibly rough. This never made sense to me either. The only time we carried chutes for the crew was when we flew tactical, low level, in the tree tops. If we were going somewhere, like Fort Bragg, and going to climb to altitude, no chutes. Military Intelligence.

We were out of our home base of Little Rock and sitting on the ramp at Fort Benning, the army's jump school. We're waiting for the young troops to come out for their first jump from an airplane. They've got their jumps from those huge towers and now have to get five jumps from a real airplane to qualify for and receive their wings. Bones and I can hear a loud voice from a very large hanger adjoining the ramp. Upon closer inspection, we realize all the jumpers are there getting a pep talk from their commander. The place is huge and it's full of jumpers in full gear. Bones and I have made our way around back and moved unnoticed inside. All along the walls are displays of jumpers and the gear they've used over the years. It's a museum too. One of the things the commander says near the end cause Bones and I to look at one another. "Remember, only one in one hundred thousand chutes fail to open." Wow, I didn't know that.

It's an hour or so later and the troops are filing onto our bird. The preflight and other preparations have been done long ago and Bones and I find ourselves standing on either side of the ramp, loudly COUNTING. "Ninety-nine thousand nine hundred ninety eight, ninety-nine thousand nine hundred ninety nine." We both look at the next face, frozen in fear, looking at me and then at Bones and back to me. We've dropped our heads, looking at the ground. Quiet. VERY quiet.

We're airborne, putting time on the airplane, following a predetermined circuitous route back to the drop zone. After about an hour, we put our plan into action. Let me set the scene: In the back of the airplane, just behind the troop doors and next to where the ramp is attached to the bird, is a stack of chocks. Big yellow chocks. About three feet high. Tied down right in the middle of the floor. I've come down from the flight deck and Bones is in the back, next to the chocks. There is no way to get to the back without literally walking on the knees of the jumpers. There is a row of troopers down each side facing inward and another two rows sitting back to back down the middle of the cargo compartment. It's packed, and hot. I'm screaming at Bones, trying to get his attention. He makes sure I got the attention of everyone else before he pretends to hear me. "You look sick, are you okay?" He puts his hand on his stomach and shakes his head. He suddenly pulls a barf bag out of his shin pocket and bends down behind the stack of chocks. Unknown to everyone else, we have stashed a barf bag there with a can of vegetable soup from our flight lunch poured inside. Bones raises up after a minute or so, twisting a tie wrap around this bag. "Hey, let me see that", I scream. Bones hands the bag to the first trooper in line and points to me. After a brief hesitation, the TROOPER, and I mean TROOPER takes the bag gingerly between thumb and forefinger and passes it toward me. Bones made sure to spill a little of the cold greasy soup on the outside, just for effect. Needless to say, we had the UNDIVIDED attention of a Herk full of bodies. The bag made it's way safely, ( hehe, safely, you think someone would drop it?) up to me. I held it up inspecting the bag as if it were some alien being. I then untied the wrap, opened the bag, looked inside and made the worst, contorted, ugliest face I could conjure. I looked at Bones and screamed, "What did you eat?" Not waiting for an answer, and making sure I had all the eyes my way, I stuck my hand down into the bag. The soup dripped off my finger as I pulled it up and out. I stole another quick glance at my audience and

**popped my finger into my mouth. As if someone had flipped a switch, thirty six individuals bent at the waist.**

**I had not stuck around to see much of the aftermath, duty calls ya know and I had to get back to the flight deck. I did do Bones a favor and opened every bleed air valve we had to get as much air back there as I could. After landing, with the troop doors still open, the crew chief had a fire truck come out and wash the bird out from front to back, it was that bad. Oh well, had to do something to protect the country.**

**Thanks to Nancy Kiffer, EAA 1136 NLE**

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#### **Firestar Bowling**

**Two years ago while at the Alvord gathering after the Monument Valley Fly-in, Roger Hankins had brought a bowling ball with him on his trip. He first dropped it from 2000 feet, which caused a lot of consternation and possibly flash backs for John H and John W. I was going to film it, but decided that if I did I would never see it through the view finder. I must say it was a memorable event that probably should not be repeated. The sound of the wind through the finger holes was quite unnerving. After John H, Gary Haley and John W had departed, Roger began to wonder how far a ball would roll given the proper speed. I would suggest that if you do this for your self, you should strive to do it on a fully dry portion of the lake bed. If you look closely you can see the mud rooster tail in the last part of the roll.**

**<http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=6829470231367079848>**

**Larry Cottrell**

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#### **Wes at Jack Brown's**

**Earlier in March my friend Wes Kintner went to Brown's Seaplane Base in Winter Haven and got his Seaplane rating.**

**Since it is cloudy & cold today, I thought these might warm us up...**







**Pictures courtesy of Dona Kintner**

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*Thoughts from The Editor*

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Like Good Secrets ~ Jill Carattini

In *The Screwtape Letters* C. S. Lewis creates a scene that reveals a startling truth. The senior devil is training a junior devil to intercept a man who is on the verge of becoming a Christian. The young devil is to deter the man from God, who they call "the Enemy." The junior devil tries his best to distract his subject, but after a few weeks returns unsuccessful. The frustrated young devil cannot explain what went wrong, but notes that the man did two simple things each day. Every morning he would get up and go for a long walk, thoroughly enjoying the air, the scenery, and all in all, the walk itself. Then every evening, at the end of his day, the man would curl up with a good book, thoroughly delighting in that book, the reading, the time itself. To this, the senior devil notes sharply: "This is where you went horribly wrong! You should have put it into his mind that he had to get up in the morning and take that walk for the sake of exercise. It would have become drudgery to him. And you should have gotten him to read the book so that he could quote it to somebody else. It would have become equally uninspiring. You allowed him to enjoy such pure pleasure that the Enemy's voice became more audible within those experiences. That is where you went wrong."

What Lewis calls "pure pleasure" is something that often eludes us to our own misfortune. Enjoying the current moment for what it is and for all that it offers brings us within the reach of God's voice. The concluding words of the apostle Paul to the Philippian Church speak of a similar mystery. Writes Paul, "Finally, brothers, whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable—if anything is excellent or praiseworthy—think about such things... And the God of peace will be with you" (Philippians 4:8-9). In this there is a deep and wonderful truth. As

King David sings in many of the psalms, God is always present; He is omnipresent. But there are times we are given the mind to truly seize it. Divine presence is revealed unmistakably at certain moments in our lives. Particular experiences of truth, of beauty, of excellence whisper of the mystery that God is intimately with us.

Now consider an explanation in stark contrast to the words of Lewis and Paul. Woody Allen once confessed in an interview, "It's hard for me to enjoy anything because I'm aware how transient things are... Yes, there are times when you think, 'My God, life is sweet, it's nice,' and thoughts of mortality are in abeyance. You know, watching the Marx Brothers or a Knicks game or listening to great jazz, you get a great feeling of ecstasy... But then it passes, and the dark reality of life starts to creep back in."

We find in this life undeniable glimpses of sweetness, glimpses and feelings that tell us there is something wonderful about life itself, something profound. Sometimes these moments come crashing like intoxicating waves over us, other times like good secrets that have crept up on us. But how will you interpret these moments? If life itself is meaningless, quite logically, as Allen concluded, such moments are merely trivial and fleeting interruptions of that dark reality. And sadly, even the sweetest moments then become something like cruel tricks played on us by life itself.

Truly, there is much that is bad and seemingly meaningless in the universe, and certainly, the world is full of men who point this out as the reason for unbelief. But to me the Christian answer is far better. The Christian does not deny that there is much that is bad, but acknowledges that this is a good world that has gone terribly wrong. It is a good world gone wrong, with a memory of what should have been. In this, our moments of wonder are exactly that, moments of wonder, memories of what should have been, visions of God's presence among us, and longings for what will one day be so. This is the startling mystery Christ voices loudly: This abundant life of which you have thus far only seen glimpses, will indeed, be fully yours.

Jill Carattini is senior associate writer at Ravi Zacharias International Ministries in Atlanta, Georgia.  
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You are invited to come worship and learn of Jesus Christ with us at Blountville Community Chapel.

Sunday School starts at 10 AM, Worship at 11, usually done by around 12:15.

Located just west of Blountville. For a map of how to get there, click on this link:

<http://www.bcchapel.org/resource/Map/location.html>

The preacher is the same guy that does these newsletters, just so's you'll know...

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Copies of the weekly sermon are now being sent out by e-mail every week.

If you would like your name added to the list of people receiving it, just notify [richard@bcchapel.org](mailto:richard@bcchapel.org)

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Next Chapter 442 Meeting Sunday March 25, 2007 at Hawkins County Airport at 2:30 PM.

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The End



All initial Propwash mail outs are Blind Carbon Copy to help reduce spam & protect the privacy of our members